



Gary Robinson
Bodmin landscape Project 96

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Thursday 6th

Arrived at Bodmin Parkway at 8pm.
The station was empty and very
bleak. So this is Bodmin.
Looked around the station to see
if I could find who ever was to
collect me. After 10 minutes or so
a voice appeared from a telephone
box. "Are you Gary?"
We sped off at great speed in
Anna's car in the direction of
Camelford. Anna seemed very friendly
talking as fast as she was
driving about what they had
been doing on site that week.
After 15-20 minutes and after
passing the railway station for a
second time it became clear
that we did not know the way
back to Camelford.
All was not lost with the aid
of a leaflet on 'Attractions' of
Cornwall we navigated our
way via the scenic route to

Camelford

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Tulio's Well Caravan and Camping Park
is as much better than I had
imagined, in fact it seems very
nice!

After putting up my tent I was
invited to have ~~some~~ some
food with Wayne, Anna and Jill
Egg & Chips!

Everyone seems very friendly
and enthusiastic

After a couple of hours of
talking and ~~deb~~ debating with
vigour on all aspects of Archaeo-
logical theory (it is nice and rare to
be having these type of open
discussions in such a setting
with such friendly people)

After a box of wine on so I
decided that I had better introduce
myself to the 'archaeologists'
(as they were referred to) who were
staying in a caravan to find

out the arrangements for tomorrow
 I went to the appointed caravan
~~there~~ where I was introduced to
 Chris, Ash and Mike. They all
 seemed friendly enough although
 the atmosphere seemed a bit
 tense (maybe it was the wine)
 we arranged to meet at Sam
 the following morning.

On the return to the en-campment
 (Waynes Tent!) more wine was
 consumed and more talk followed.
 It quickly became apparent that
 a certain amount of friction
 had occurred between those
 excavating and those working
 on the field survey. From what
 I can gather a gulf was
 starting to emerge between the
 two camps
 which camp will I be placed
 in? Neither I hope!

Friday 7th

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at about 10am to Chris Ash, Mike's caravan
at Sam and was greeted with
to much welcome.

Chris went through with me
what they were planning on doing
over the next few days and showed
me the appropriate plans, paperwork
(context sheets etc.)

Around 10am we set off in
Chris's car to the site.

After parking the car beside a
ford we walked for 30-40
minutes across the moor to

Leskernic. On the way to the
site Mike talked to me about
'stones'. I find Mike very difficult
to figure out. I am sure he
is trying to be friendly but he
seems very serious and cold.

The moor itself is not
as I had imagined it to
be. I had imagined it to
be a wild wasteland of bog.
It seems a very familiar landscape.

one that reminds me of parts of
Northumberland (but not as hilly)
I feel quite at home here.

The site itself was even better than
I had thought it would be.
Even though I had seen plans
slides and photographs of it, I
was constantly shocked by its
'~~if you face~~' presence.

Spent the day working with Chris
~~trying~~ up de-turfing and tidying
up, but I ⁷ prior to planning
(it like gardening really)
Chris seems to be a sound
bloke I can't imagine that we
would agree on much archaeologically
but his ~~th~~ skill and clarity
as a field archaeologist is most
admirable. "Generally a nice bloke!"

Returned to the campsite about
6pm
Went out tonight to Matt and

Pippa's test for food.

The conversation tonight ~~th~~ was not as free and ~~as last night~~ easy as last night.

Mat and Pippa both seem very friendly although their conversation always seems to return to Road protesters New age travellers the healing properties of crystals etc. I find this a bit irritating although I admit that this is probably me rather than them.

Saturday 8th

Missed my 8am lift this morning.

Anna gave me a lift at 9am. Got up to the settlement where I met due. It was nice to see a familiar face. ~~although~~ worked on my 27 all day with Chris and Julie generally taking up prior to taking photographs and planning. It's good to be out in the open.

I can't help thinking that the whole
 landscape reminds me of the novel
 First Light by Peter Ackroyd
~~there and his belief that some places~~
~~have so much history that they~~
~~become solid and fixed as well~~
~~maybe not, what a load of bollocks~~

Went to the pub (on camp site tonight)
 Mike Chris Ash etc were obvious in
 their absence

dunday arr

Prehistoric society were doing
 a tour of the site today
 waited around for them to arrive
 they appeared over the horizon
 like some great army about to
 charge (on crawl) Although I have
 only been here a few days it feels
 like an intrusion that these
 people are 'invading' Lesberrick
 site went on a tour of the
 with the pit soc. As Chris

was telling them that the landscape
 was imbued with significance
 and explaining the Rough Tor effect
 I could feel them cringing with
 horror 'who did this' 'upstart' 'think he
 was'. As the tour proceeded
 a strange (or not) thing seemed
 to happen slowly the enthusiasm
 of the group ~~opened~~ increased
 until at the end the once
 sceptics were almost converts.
 This was ~~extra~~ most amusing to
 observe as none of them seemed
 quite sure who ~~of~~ I was, and
 what I was doing with them.

The rest of the afternoon I spent
 working with Mike on Hwt 27
 I am slowly warming to Mike
 maybe he's not as cold as he
 made out
 Went out to the pub with
 Anna and Jill whilst we were
 there I met Helen who
 had just return with stories of

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spending the night in a police station
Why I am not quite sure?

After closing time we retired to
Helen's tent for a tea
Helen seems very friendly and

Monday 10th

It was raining and foggy this
morning.

The surveying team are holding a
meeting at 11am.
Went into Carnelford and done some
shopping. Arrived back at the

camp site at 11am to go to
the meeting but was told that
they had gone into Bodmin to
get some shopping for a meal
they are going to prepare for
everyone tonight.

I feel like I've been waiting
around all morning. I am not going
to sit around in my tent in the

ran until they return!
 Went up to site with the
 excavation team at 11-30 - missing
 the meeting.
 Worked on the stone row all
 day with Helen and Ash.
 Spent day singing hits from the
 70s & 80s and generally had an
 excellent time. (easily pleased!)
 I really enjoy working with Helen
 she is very easy going and
 an inspiration (she also sings equally
 as bad as myself and has a
 great knowledge of 'crap music')
 Ash (who really does look like
 Benny from ABBA) is much more
 reserved (sensible) but broke down
 a number of times when he
 joined in on choruses of 'Dancing
 Queen etc')
 Tonight a grand feast was
 prepared by Anna & Jill in
 Barbara's caravan. Mike and Chris & Ash
 had been dreading this meal
 (I think they... foreseen a argument.) The

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night seemed to go well, food was
really good
Wayne pissed Ash ('a bit') off mainly
through trying to be friendly
but also by going about
'when I was president of the
students union'
'when I was at St Martins school
of fine art'
I must admit this was annoying,
but that's Wayne. (the big 'Lovey'
that he is)
I feel that most of this friction
is due to not knowing and
accepting people as they are. This
is probably over simplifying the
situation but 'any way'.

Tuesday 11th

'Rain - Rain - Rain'

Went into Camelford to discuss
what to do today
Had coffee in a very strange

(I met the man in coffee shop) shop
'Can I get you anything ladies and gentlemen'
'And what kind of complementary biscuit would sir like'
'Are you sure this coffee is not too strong for you madame'

Went up on to site.
The fog was extremely thick Helen
and I went off first. I
walked completely past the
site but managed to see the
others in the distance and
tag behind hoping that it would not
be obvious that we were lost.
(name!)

It was so different on the moon
in the fog not being able
to orientate gave the whole
place a very unfamiliar alien
feel about it.

On returning to the cars we met

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Helens partner Sophie who had
arrived from London to meet her.

Wednesday 12th

Went most of the day with
Chris and so detuning but 39
hard work but enjoyable

Went to the pub tonight to see
Max Piper TV and Radio recording
artist. He was suitably crap.
Sat talking and drinking with
Jill and Mike. I am warming to
Mike it had taken a few days
to realise that Mike does not
take himself seriously my initial
feelings about him have proved to
be totally wrong.
Later in the evening Chris (Finley)
and Julie came in. Spent the
night chatting. Chris in some ways
like Mike but very different) had a
mask of ~~that~~ ~~that~~ way outness
(what ever that means!) but on taking

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to him I get the impression that
he ① Does not take a lot of
what Ray's (especially to Mike.)
seriously

② That he is actually very
clear and laid about what he
aims to achieve

I do not know if this mark
is imposed by himself or
perpetuated by others.

Any way he seems very sociable
and ~~he~~ I feel that he is
trying hard to build bridges
between the two camps.

After doring time Mike and myself
go to Chris & dules caravan
where we drink whiskey and
look at a Gaborwony photographs

Thursday 13th

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'Day off'
'Bad hangover!'

Shopping in Camelford
Sleep.

BBQ in camping field.

Sit around eating and talking
Mike ~~and~~ Chris and Ash invited but
did not come.

As the night went on the drunken
conversation moved onto 'class'

I appear to be the only person
who did not go to public school
my comments on my education are
re-buffed with 'that's so stereotypical'
everyone says that. This pisses
me off somewhat. But so what!
Life goes on. I must remember to
avoid these type of discussions
although this is not the first and probably
not the last time I'll say this.

Friday 14th Chris^(Gret) went home this morning! 16

Worked all day on nest 39 with
Kira

Sue was interviewed yesterday by Radio Cornwall and it was supposed to be ~~going~~ transmitted today. Listened all morning but heard nothing although the Plymouth Women's Union are holding a skittles competition on Saturday at 3pm in the village hall.

3pm in the village Hall.
In the afternoon the man from
Radio Cornwall arrived on site to
help out.

Mr. Radio is very odd why I am
not sure but something about
him doesn't quite add up.

Went to the pub tonight with Sophie and Helen.

Saturday

17

Marion had come down for the
week end it's good to see her!

Spent the day working on hut 27
with Mike and Jill.
Saw Mike's 'cobbles' for the first
time very impressive.

Sunday 16th

Worked on H27

Moved large stones from H27
 with Mike Wayne and Chris T.
 This is the first time Mike had
 had to work with them on a
 joint venture. Although this is a
 small thing I believe that it
 may have major implications.
 Mike repeatedly stated how surprised
 he was at how good Chris
 was at moving large stones
 (a hidden talent!)

Wednesday 14th

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Sophie returned to London this morning

Went up to site in Jones car

Worked of that 27

Mike decided to cut a trench through the middle of the hut and immediately ~~panic~~ ~~panic~~ seemed to regret doing this. Mike always seems so confident and sure about what he is doing but this seems to have knocked him back.

Everyone told him that he has done the right ~~think~~ thing but he is convinced he has made a major error.

Chris returned ~~to~~ to site. ~~Mike~~

19 bis

Due to a law/rule that
only they are aware of

Friday 21st

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Chris tells Mike that his section through H27 is OK. This seems to bring Mike's confidence back. Mike obviously has a lot of respect for Chris's judgement on such matters.

Spent most of the day cleaning up H27. The commission unit are coming to look around the site tonight. Chris is most concerned that everything looks good!

Barbara arrived with Jan and a number of reconstructed stones, (made from cardboard boxes and muslin.) Although highly sceptical at first, I must admit that they look really good once they've been erected.

Mike and in particular Chris G. think that this is 'outrageous' and state so in very clear terms. This does not go down well.

Chris T is well pissed off by their²⁰
behaviour and takes this as an
insult to Jan and Barbara
Solace 'vibes' not good.

spend the solace waiting for the
sun to set drinking cheap wine
(Pink Lady) just as the sun is
about to set it is covered by
a cloud.

Chris storms off by himself across
the moor obviously pissed off with
the whole day

Get lift back to camping site in
crystal 4 wheel drive
sit in Helen's caravan with
Crystal, Helen and Jill.
later in the night Chris T comes
over to chat, things seem to have
calmed down somewhat.

Saturday 22nd.

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Worked on stone row with Helen
trying to get it totally finished.
Mattocking all day

Sunday 23rd.

Spent the whole day re-turfing
hard work and a bit depressing
knowing that this is the end!
Worked till late.

Went to the pub with Rebecca and
Helen then to Chris and Sue's
Coravan.

Mike seems in a good mood
tonight him and Chris seem to
be getting on better (considering)

Although a bit of baiting, going on!
Blues on the quiet. A surreal
experience, one of the few times
that we all sat together during the
day (good on bad thing I am not
sure!)

DIARY ENDS